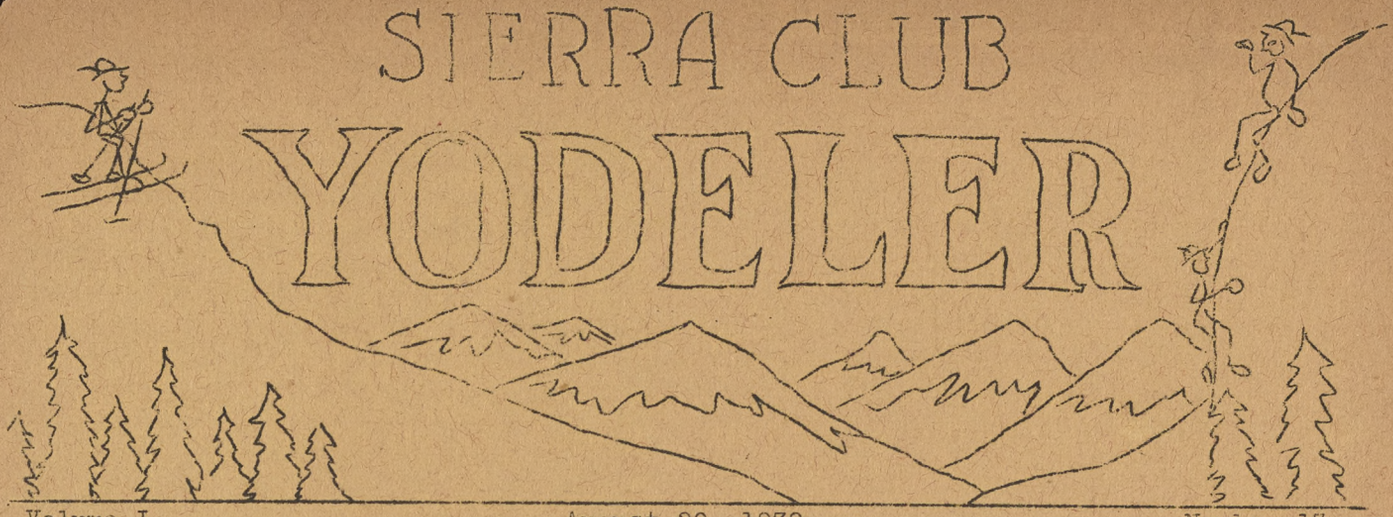


Volume I August 28, 1939 Number 13

MARBLE MOUNTAIN CAVES

Vague rumors of vast subterranean rooms that might rival Carlsbad Caverns recently aroused the curiosity of several members of the Club, and between August 16 and 20 a group explored the vicinity of Marble Mountain, in the Siskiyous out of Yreka, hoping either to find the caves or to unfound the rumors. The cave men were Bestor Robinson, Raffi Bedayan, Bill Curts Rolf Pundt, Larry Taylor.

Back-packing from the end of the road 10 miles into Marble Valley, with 1400 ft of 5/16" rope, 2 miles of string, photo-flash globes, pitons, and expansion bolts to add body to their packs, the group found that there were far more caves to explore than their time permitted. They penetrated two caverns that were approximately 100 feet deep, with horizontal tunnels extending some 500 feet, one chamber being 30 feet high with a 6 foot pool of water on the floor. Finding no exits to either of the caverns, the group retraced steps. The only special equipment used was 700 feet of the rope.

One cave portal, not explored, was seen to lead into unknown depths from the bottom of a "crater" 200 feet deep by 300 across, formed by collapse of the roof of a former cavern.

Bedayan remarks that the country affords fine skiing terrain, but one should be wary of supposed sitzmarks.

FEDERATION OF WESTERN OUTDOOR CLUBS

Eighth Annual Convention

The Sierra Club will be host to the Federation Convention, September 2-4. Business proceedings and discussions will be held at Clair Tappaan Lodge, while special outdoor events in the nearby country are scheduled.

President Arthur Blake will conduct business meetings and Sunday's general outdoor meeting. Special entertainment is planned for Saturday and Sunday evenings, featuring the premier showing of color motion pictures of the Kings Canyon National Park.

Representatives of Park and Forest services will take part in discussions of conservation and recreation programs in their domains. Speakers will include Robert Marshall and C. A. (Bert) Harwell.

Hikes will include Castle Peak and Signal Hill, Peter Grubb Hut -- for dedication and lunch on Sunday-- and Flora Lake for swimming.

With 24 associated clubs represented the large registration promises to tax lodge accommodations, and it has been necessary to close the reservations.

Those who have attended previous conventions are eagerly looking forward to this one, and promise an excellent time to all newcomers. Remember! Reservations or not, you can always camp out nearby.

SPECIAL ELECTION COMING

The September first mail will carry ballots for the special election on changes in membership requirements approved by the Board of Directors for the purpose of instilling in future new members a greater feeling of interest in Club purposes.

This By-law revision is of vital concern to those interested in the future welfare of this organization, and should be most carefully considered by all members. Ask questions, think it over carefully, then "vote as you will, but vote."

S I E R R A C L U B Y O D E L E R

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BACK TO WORK

Considering the several difficulties involved in renewing the creative effort necessary for compilation of the Yodeler, it would perhaps have been better had not one taken a vacation. Somehow, however, this issue will get into the mail tonight, and for their part in speeding things on their way, the staff thanks

Marion Goodwin, Bill Horsfall, Jim Smith, Marion Dondero, Charlotte Mauk, Dorothy Markwad, Renee and Frank Aitken, Mitzi Block, and Lillian Ball.

NEXT DEADLINE Monday, September 11

"THE THREE LAKES"

Reprints of Clarence King's poems "The Three Lakes", with an introduction by Francis Farquhar, originally appearing in the latest magazine number of the Bulletin, are available at the Club Office for 50¢ each. The reprints are very beautifully done, with a paper cover in two colors.

HENRY HALL VISITS BAY REGION

Returning from climbs in British Columbia via San Francisco, Henry S. Hall, Secretary of the American Alpine Club, spent a few days with Sierra Club members. At Bestor Robinson's home, he witnessed the ascent of the Lower Spire, and viewed Kodachrome slides of the proposed Kings Canyon Park. Hall left with Francis and Marjory Farquhar for a trip into the Langley region and on south to the Colorado River.

The staff's just back from their
[illegible] vacations,
So don't have too great
expectations.

ESPIONAGE ACTIVITY REPORTED

At Cragmont Sunday, and again in the Yodeler press rooms tonight, a tall, unfamiliar figure has been lurking around. Prevailing suspicion was that Bay Chapter activities were being spied upon, until someone looked twice (in a vertical panorama) and discovered that it was none other than Jim Smith, ex-Mugelnoos stooge, and self-designated spy.

Jim expects to be in the Bay Region for a while, perhaps to continue with ski-mountaineering and rock-climbing activities.

* * * * * * * * *

While the Yodeler slept, the Library Committee continued on its leafy way. Main activity during the summer was binding of mountaineering club pamphlets, a job which has been aided considerably by the construction of a ten ton (well, it feels like that) book press by Stuart Mann and Dick Johnson.

The Library has acquired a complete set of the American Ski Annual and plans to order back numbers of the British Ski Year Book.

The most recent resolution of the committee is to complete the card catalogue system, in hopes that the card posted on the wall of the clubroom, explaining that the books in the library are "Temporarily" arranged by authors' names, may be discarded. Wish them luck, for this is an RJ.*

*RJ stands for real job.

* * * * * * * * *

Those High Trippers who became used to finding a smiling Betty when they took their blistered heels and burned noses to Dr. Winsor this summer, will not be surprised to hear that Betty is to be his permanent assistant beginning September first. Dr. and Mrs. Winsor plan to embark on a knapsacking honeymoon, each with a genuine fishing rod, not remotely related to the willow poles which brought in the limits this summer. Their many friends are wishing them the best of good luck.

* * * * * * * * *

Passersby the Richard M. Leonard residence hear a new type of yodel emanating from the right wing. The quality surpasses Dick's best effort but so far it lacks sufficient volume to be heard at Cragmont. Frances Leonard arrived August 1st to beam benignly at hordes of admiring rock climbers. Sad she should see life on the rocks so soon.

HIGH HORSE TRIP

There are other ways to see the Sierra than by foot. This amazing discovery was made by Martin Brady and me as we urged "Old Roman Nose" and "Martha" up Sawmill Pass. Half-way up we dismounted--"to rest the horses"--and discovered that a goodly number of the rest of the party were also observing humane measures. We were very careful of our mounts that day, but nevertheless could barely stand as we eased, groaning, out of the saddle when camp was reached. The next day was a painful repetition of the first till a pleasant numbness crept into aching muscles, so that the novelty of gazing at distant peaks without pausing on the trail could be enjoyed by erstwhile hikers.

By the time beautiful Rae Lakes had been reached, the whole forty of us were hardy enough to appreciate the masses of deep blue gentians starring grassy meadows and the forests of foxtail pine through which we rode. On Glen Pass polemonium was still blowing in the stiff breeze, and Martin and I had begun to think there was something in this horse-hiking habit, after all. So saving on the breath, and easy on the leg muscles, after you become inured to toothaches in both knees!

Forester Pass was by far the most spectacular descent of the trip, zigzagging down a sheer cliff where a dropped pebble bounced on the horse on zag ahead. Our first lunch in the rain was experienced that day--the High Hirsers showing the usual Sierra Club spirit as they pitched in to tarp hoisting, tea-brewing, and bread-buttering, after the lunch mule was unpacked. (The "lunch mule" was not eaten, though Harriet Parsons looks over our shoulder and mutters that it must have been jerked).

At Crabtree Meadows nine hardy knapsackers came swinging into camp in fine fettle. We personally suspect that they took a nap just behind the last bend. In time for dinner Norman Clyde made his weigh into camp--verily--for Ike's scales tipped 85 pounds when Norman's pack was hoisted. The promised lemon pies turned out to be doughnuts. "I sinker's something wrong here," said Dave, and echoed those sentiments next morning when he found Martin stirring eggs--honest-to-goodness chicken eggs with the bacon. "Softies", muttered Don Woods, devouring a delicious morsel.

The two extremes in trail travel parted with mutual pity and with perhaps a modicum of mutual envy, each having had an insight into how the other half lives.

More sunny days, Mt. Whitney's broad summit with clear views of most of the United States, blazing campfires fragrant with white-barked pine, creak of saddle-leather, then--

Past the last foxtail pine, past the last gentian-starred meadow, past the snow-drift on Army Pass and down into the desert--it was a good trip. High horsing has something, hmm, Martha?

B.N.

- - o - -

Ike Livermore's definition of a bronco mule: a young mule that doesn't know as much as it ought to, but still knows a heck of a lot more than you think it does!

Bracne Gigas has sent us a copy of a letter he recently received from Frank S. Smythe, one of the greatest British mountaineers. It should give some solace to Californians. - Ed.

London, N. W. 6

Dear Mr. Gigas:

Very many thanks for your letter and the copy of the review of Peaks and Valleys which you so kindly enclosed and for which I am very grateful. It is something more than pleasant to hear from you and to know that you and your friends share the same ideals of beauty in Nature and in particular of the hills. I have had various letters from California and can only conclude that there exists there a large body of people who are really "keen" on the hills. I only hope it may be my good fortune to meet you and your friends some day.

You are indeed blessed to live at peace in so beautiful a country and if I could afford to do so I should make for that part of the world. It is far from this madding hell-pit called Europe, the very atmosphere of which is immeasurably depressing. The same peace may be found in the Himalayas where one learns that human happiness depends not on "civilization" but on simple living amid beautiful surroundings. I can imagine nothing pleasanter than farming or growing fruit in your part of the world with the hills in view.

Once again, thanks for your letter.

Frank S. Smythe

THE BURRO BRIGADES

The first party of nineteen healthy people, eleven decrepit burros, and an unconscious horse pushed off from Tuolumne Meadows bright and early in the afternoon of July 3, bound for points south. Some days later nineteen decrepit people, eleven healthy burros and an unconscious horse returned to the Meadows--- dirtier but wiser than before. Only one day was required to recover from an ascent of Lyell the third day out. The party then progressed to Thousand Island Lake to scale Banner. Six went on to conquer Ritter. Fortunately, it was downhill all the way back to camp. At Shadow Lake the burros were inspired by alpenglow on the Minarets and climbed a pinnacle. Then, remembering the Club policy regarding such matters, they refused to come down without a belay. The burros and the leader "came to a little understanding" and the burros did not stray from camp again for the rest of the summer. As we hiked along the Agnew Meadows trail we enjoyed beautiful thunder clouds over the Ritter Range. At Alger Lake the setting sun again painted murals on the mountains about us. Even the burros stopped now and then to marvel at the view -- or something.

The second party struck out to the north. We stayed a day at Benson Lake to fish and swim while the leader looked all over the mountains for his lost dunnage bag. In Kerrick Canyon, the party of sixteen drank fourteen quarts of synthetic lemonade and immediately had a lesson in first aid. From Matterhorn Canyon we scaled Matterhorn Peak and Whorl Mountain. (Doc Rayburn "proved" Twin Peaks are Whorl Mountain -- all he needed was a map, two pine needles and three mirrors.) Others fished by walking along the bank with a frying pan. The sport is to get the fish to jump into the pan when one whistles. The party had good fun going cross-country from Cold Canyon to Young Lakes on deer trails. (Did you ever notice how much narrower a deer is than a packed donkey?) On Conness we had a little thunder shower the leader had ordered to settle the dust.

The third party of "seven fellows, seven girls, and Milton" went south over Donahue Pass, several climbed Rogers while the party rested from the Lyell expedition. Banner and Ritter were climbed again before moving on to Shadow Lake and Agnew Meadows. At Alger Lake the girls caught golden trout while the die-hards made a last ascent - Blacktop - before returning to civilization. The leader and George Templeton had so much fun making a first traverse of Koip Crest they almost forgot to return to camp.

The fourth group was determined to try frying pan fishing in the north woods and got underway in a cloud of dust with Stew Kimball as skipper, and have not been heard from since. I don't know what they are up to, but I know they're having a swell time, 'cause you just can't help it on a burro trip.

-- Milton Hildebrand.

More About Burros

FURTHER NEWS FROM BURROW TRIPS:

The cloud of dust which surrounded the fourth party returned, on schedule to Tuolumne Meadows, and parted to reveal twenty more browned, wiser and dirtier burro-chasers. Remarkable aspects of their return were that the number of burros coming back exactly equaled the number going out(in spite of various prognostications to the contrary), and that a bear chose that evening to bring her two cubs to girls' camp and carry off four knapsacks. The knapsacks were retrived after a girls had calmly routed the thieves, and the campers spent the rest of the night trying to figure out why bears should steal remnants of bandanna lunches!

Fourth-trippers reported: good fishing after the conventional manner (their equipment did not seem to include frying pans); a visit to the summit of Matterhorn Peak (where an ancient can of kippersnacks recalled the High Trip visit there in 1934) and a rock-climbers' ascent of the Northwest face of Ragged Peak; various slight rainfalls climaxed by a spectacular thunderstorm at Benson Lake; cross-country travel which proved that burros are "smarter than they get credit for"; universal satisfaction with the meals prepared in never-ending competition between the rotating work-crews; and a growing conviction that the burro trips fill a long-felt need in aiding Sierra Club members to explore and enjoy the mountain regions.

* * * * * *

Club cups still 15¢ at the office.

KNAPSACKERS SURVIVE

The 11 hardy back-packers who took part in the second Rock-Climbers Knapsack Trip survived the ordeal in astonishingly good shape. The two-weeks itinerary took the party across Kearsarge Pass, Lucy's and Shepherd passes, and required so little packing effort that there was time for 82 man days of climbing.

High point of the trip was the overtaking of the High Horsers at Milestone Creek, where the climbers were subjected to the enervating luxuries that had already demoralized the seat-singers (soft g). (For example: the start for Milestone Mountain was not made until 10:00 A.M.)

There were two disappointments on the trip

I. The Milestone rendezvous was arranged primarily to enable the rock-climbers to have some of Martin Brady's lemon meringue pie. Dave Brower even made a special trip up to Glen Pass to leave a note for Ike Livermore, specifying the exact night the pie was wanted.

But there was no pie. "No lard," they explained.

II. In a moment of enthusiasm some time during the High Trip, Ike professed a desire to climb Milestone Mountain, even agreed to do so when the rendezvous was made. An elaborate scheme was therefore evolved, whereby photographs and affidavits of the ascent would be secured to discredit Mr. Livermore among his non-climbing packing cohorts, to retaliate for various slurs on climbing, written and verbal.

But Ike decided to shoe horses that day.

* * *

FINANCIAL SUCCESS

Like all the other outings this year, the Knapsack Trip came out in the black. This is partly because the party kept in such good condition that only 63¢ worth of first-aid materials were used out of the $9 worth taken along.

* * *

LOST & FOUND DEPARTMENT

At Cragmont Sunday, somebody left a white seater in Raffi Bedayan's car. Someone else left a pack of cigarettes complete with skeleton case. The owner may have these articles upon determining where they are now.

PROGRESS AT NORDEN

There will be no work party at Norden the coming weekend during the convention; however, the weekend of the ninth will again find work parties going in full swing.

A month ago members of work parties were busy mixing two carloads of aggregates to make the foundation for the new dining room and the walls of the septic tank.

During the last three weekends, a three story building has sprung up on the site, with walls, windows, and floors complete. Dining benches on the main floor have been installed, also lights. The building is really in fine shape, thanks to the co-operation of willing members, but there is still plenty of opportunity for those who wish to use the lodge this winter to contribute their services by signing up for the work parties. All transportation and meals are taken care of by the lodge committee. Make arrangements by calling Lewis Clark, Alameda 1122, evenings, or Rolf Pundt, Underhill 3866.

* * *

bring S W I M S U I T S to CLAIR TAPPAAN LODGE this weekend. There is excellent swimming in FLORA LAKE; a mile or so from the Lodge.

HOPE SPRINGS

Hopes for running water at Parsons Lodge have been revived by the discovery of a fresh-water spring on a hillside not far above the famous Soda Springs at Tuolumne Meadows. Custodian Al Duhme, who estimates the flow at approximately a pint a minute, even this late in a dry season, is singing the praises of Stanley Hardman, the discoverer. "He just said, 'I think there must be water up there', and went up and found it!" says Al. Though none of the present habitues of Parsons Lodge knew of the existence of the spring, its complete rock lining indicates its use in the past. "Indians, maybe", Al says.

PINE CANYON

The autumn season's first rock climbing outing found most climbers still out in the mountains -- or at least anywhere but at Pine Canyon. Ten showed up for the overnight trip at Castle Rock Park, to determine that rock-climbers would have more privacy on a spring afternoon, while the hills are still green.

The party may have been few, but it was ambitious. The Pagoda, the one pinnacle to which the R. C. S. feels it holds a monopoly, was climbed by 9 persons on two routes. Energy flowed so freely that all trekked cross country to a new ridge (¼ mile distant) to climb en masse a spire which the Yodelerclaimed was unclimbed, only to be frustrated when Brower couldn't re-discover the spire.

Consensus: a good swimming pool is ample compensation for a dryish day in August.

BLANK ON THE MAP

(This space is saved for the article Lewis Clark is going to write about the joys of work parties at Norden. -Ed.

(The editorial staff urges that all good skiers and true sign up for the fall work parties - whether they read Lewis' article or not. Much has been done this summer, but there's still a lot to do. Let's go!)

* * * *

CARABINERS - 60¢

Raffi Bedayan still has some carabiners on hand for interested rock-climbers.

CRAGMONT CLIMBED AGAIN

If the turnout for Pine Canyon climbs was small, the Sunday crowd at Cragmont more than made up the deficiency. The total was 41 and all were prodigiously active.

Introduced on this weekend was the rather complicated, but it is hoped, effective Individual Climber's Record. This is a mimeographed sheet with a space for recording anything that might possibly be considered to record a climber's progress. One marked cause of activity was the timing of climbs. This innovation sent Dick Leonard and Johnny Dyer scampering up all climbs from C-1 through C-7, with the ascent (but not the descent) of C-8 topping off the day. The new system at least prevents the ex-experts from coasting on their reputations. Chief purpose of climb-timing is to speed up the R. C. S., members of which have too often inclined to be on the slow side when confronted with actual mountaineering, simply because the importance of rapidity of progress had never been adequately stressed.

Preview:

Climbing having adjourned, 33 ended up at the Leonards' after dinner, where introductions went around and four-weeks old Frances became acquainted with the R.C.S. Added to the program was a peek at the preliminary edition of the color motion picture of the Kings Canyon Park taken during the several summer outings. One shot that all seemed particularly to appreciate was Stewart Kimball's demonstration of the box hitch, which simultaneously demonstrated the fallacy of using old rope.

NEW SIERRA CLUB INSIGNIA

Decalcomania transfers are now available for Sierra Club members to identify their cars. These colorful markers,copying the club seal, should be a big help to caravan and overnight leaders in discharging their duties.

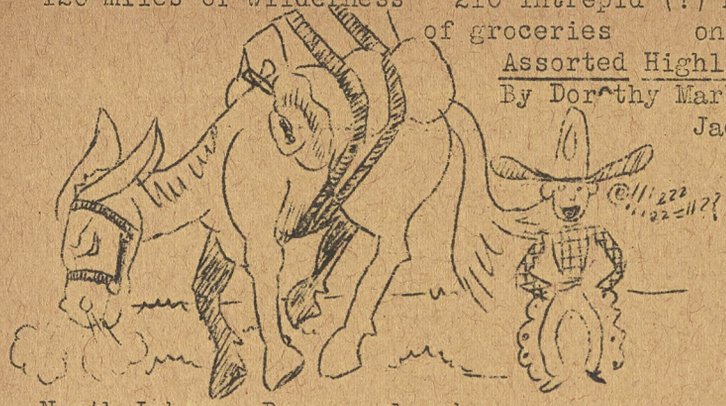
These dominant dazzlingly diverting decalcomania decorations for displaying discreetly on your car, may be bought from representatives on hikes and overnight trips for 5¢ apiece. If you send a stamped and addressed envelope to Charlotte Weatherill, 90 Corona Street, San Francisco, and enclose a not-too-thin dime you will get two insignia by return mail.

HIGH TRIP

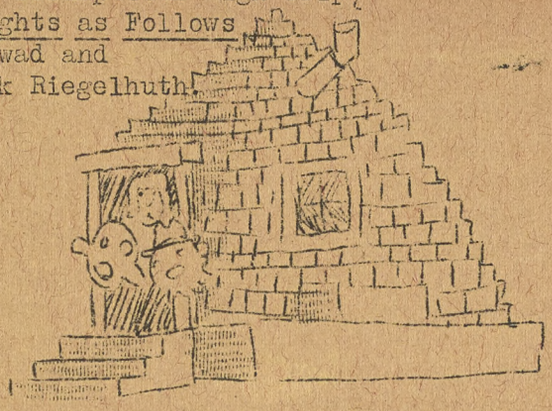
120 miles of wilderness 210 intrepid (?) Mountaineers 104 pack mules 10 tons of groceries one scrumptious High Trip

Assorted Highlights as Follows

By Dorothy Markwad and Jack Riegelhuth



North Lake -- Bronc mules keep the packers happy.



Muir Hut -- building bulges with bunch of 48 who felt very Spartan -- until next morning.



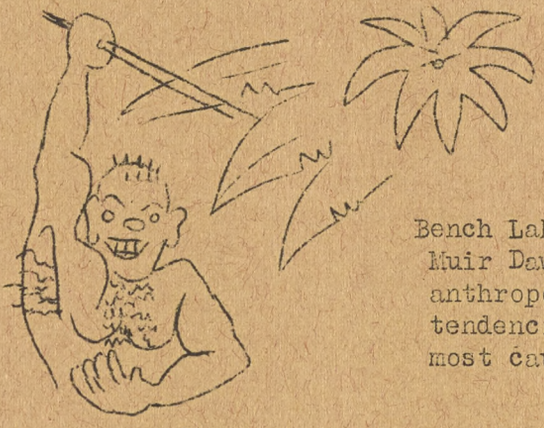
Hutchinson Meadows -- Martin and Barby produce apple pies. Some stuff!



Palisade Creek Camp --from nowhere -- French hats, mustaches, bow ties appear to adorn Bastille Day male servers.



LeConte Canyon -- deluge whets spirits



Bench Lake -- Muir Dawson's anthropoid tendencies almost cause riot.



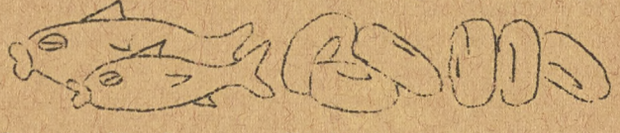
Dusy Basin -- climbers down from North Palisade at 10 PM, thanks to one flashlight and a half



Bench Lake -- Gale Siegel almost swallows four balloons in water carnival.



Muir Hut -- wood pile grows miraculously as tail-less pack animals carry up more wood than they burn



Grouse Meadows -- Fish fry with do-nuts to welcome 2nd 2-weekers. Four-weekers get nothing.



"Boots -- boots -- marching up and down again..."

(That is, as long as Norman Clyde officiated at the last -- to the last)

IN THE WAKE OF THE HOB NAILS

Since the last issue of the Yodeler, each Sunday has seen merry-hearted hikers hitting the trail..Many pleasant memories linger..among them:

It's the moonlight hike in Stanford Hills--heavy drama is being enacted at the campfire, nothing less than the Sierra Club adaptation of the Valiant Cossack, with Mabel Earle announcing; the Schagen boys and Fred Toby cavort as the Three Russian Holy Men, with a "Borscht! Borscht! Borscht!"; Cecil Earle, premier thespian of the Club, gives a heart-rending performance as the tragic hero, doomed to wear Dick Johnson's knapsack as penance; and a Mae West version of the Warrior Queen slithers about causing trouble...

It's the Fourth or July trip to Snow Mountain, and Sierrans are gathered with the Alpine and Redwood Trails Clubs to enjoy several sunny days in beautiful Mendocino County..the scenery is reminiscent of the High Sierra..swimming is enjoyed in Bear Creek...East Peak is climbed, and Sierra Club members are among the first to sign the register. Snow on Snow Mountain provides sherbet for thirsty hikers and proves that for once a mountain is well named....A moonlight hike with an all-night search for Soda Springs is an adventure, connoisseurs in soda water being well-rewarded, while the less-educated hurry back to camp to make tea...Bessie Lawrence becomes athletic wonder when sight of a rattlesnake inspires a ten foot leap backward...Ray Montrose is amazed by the fortune-telling prowess of Harry Morrow, amateur swami...That frequent pensive expression that now passes over Ray's countenance is due to contemplation of the Morrowing future awaiting him.

Our scene shifts to the Monte Toyon-Aptos week-end...the Sierra Club now encamped among the redwoods..Campfire highlights include a startling Topsy Turvy Dance, executed by Marjorie Dickieson and Suzanne Allen...and excellent stories told by such masters of the art as Ned Allen, John Piper, Bill Horsfall, and Monte Haslett...Sunday finds many Sierrans enjoying the swimming and sun-tanning afforded by Sea Cliff Beach, while others hike the beautiful redwood trails...Amusing picture: Bill Horsfall (mechanical genius and mountaineer extraordinary) fashions a tuba out of seaweed and against a background of the wild sea waves renders a convincing and soulful solo.

Comes the Mazza's Annual Event - the Watermelon Feed. The watermelons are dug up from their icy cache...John deftly carves melon after melon into sections, wielding a huge knife with the skill of an Executioner....A mob of thirsty hikers---a hundred and ten strong--manage to consume the melons as fast as they appear, one tenth ton of them in fact....Marjorie Jones is crowned Champion in the Seed-Guessing Contest..Elma Staufer clinches the consolation prize, a pickaninny doll, by writing down 15,000 as her modest estimate of the number of seeds in a quarter of a twenty-pound melon... Peter Friedricksen wins the Second Prize ...476 by the way was the right answer..

John Mazza makes an admirable speech of award and concludes by reading the names of those on the Seed-Counting Committee...Shades of Thelma's handwriting! The Yodeler now reveals that the mysterious Burt Schnitzlewoofle mentioned as being on the committee is none other than Bob Schallenberger, to whom belated credit is now given....At any rate, orchids to the Mazzas for an excellently organized outing.

Due to lack of space, descriptions of other trips must be omitted, but congratulations are in order to the many capable leaders who led equally successful trips through the summer.

Coming Events:

Rio De Janeiro Beach September 3--swimmers and fishermen take notice.

Stinson Beach September 10--a Sunday hike or overnight trip. See schedule.

FLASH: What romantic Son of Erin in a whirlwind courtship has won the heart of what bonnie lassie, sister of what prominent Sierra Club skier and local-walker (initials B. L.)?

Welcome Home

Realizing what they state has been a life-long ambition, Rene and Frank Aitken descended upon the Yodeler office and personally assisted the staff in turning out this edition.